

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 13, NO. 5.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, DAY, AUGUST 30, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClinton.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. E. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court, G. M. Kee,
(A. Barlow).
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClinton, M. J. McNeel,
J. C. Arbogast.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H.
Gross, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,
Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy;
Thomas Bruffey, Lobella.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. O. McNEEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEBEE, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room 19, Kelly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

The negro problem is an ever-recurring subject for American thinkers. From the time the country began the question has arisen, and many have wondered what will be the result of the two races living as they do together and existing on what the same land brings forth. With white people, wealth and power is constantly changing hands, with succeeding generations, the rich family of to-day, under the laws of the republic, giving up their wealth and position to the sons of poor men.

This rule may be destined to apply to the negro race, which has only been in a position to admit of advancement for one generation. It is very doubtful, however, for there is a unity of thought and feeling with the colored race that is truly remarkable, and which makes them the happiest mortals in the world. The writer has the first negro to see who was discontented with the way this world has used him,—and the first to see going down to the grave a disappointed, disgruntled man at his failure to realize his hopes in this life. The doctrine that a man can only reach to something great when he aspires to greatness, is tolerably well proven. With the negroes this harassing strife for riches and position is conspicuously wanting. They are eminently satisfied with what the day may bring forth. Their impulses guide them to good or bad ends as the case may be, and it almost seems that they are actuated by what is called instinct in the lower animals.

Could we avoid the intermixing of black and white blood the South would be blessed in the presence of the black people. This is an evil feature of the two races, and may result disastrously. Whether it is progressing any with the freedom of the races is not decided, for the races have mixed more or less since the first importation of slaves. On the whole, the negro makes the most agreeable servitor of that class of people who are able from their bounty to give wages to a less favored class of human beings. They like to have them near them, and like them all the better because they are not filled with longings to become wealthy and great and be upon an equality with their masters. It is not considered so desirable to be waited upon by a fellow mortal who has a Presidential bee in his bonnet or is only biding his time to have a house and equipments like his master.

As is the case with all writers on this subject, we can only drop it and say that we can not tell what is in store for the African people domiciled in America, or what is destined for our own race in relation to them. We can only hope that there is more for good than bad in this people, who so far have been guided and kept by the dominant race of America, and time will tell whether this race shall become a nation to itself or merge into the white race and lose its identity. And also how many years the present relation between the races will be preserved in its present agreeable and beneficial condition.

AFTER the exact status of the bloomer has been settled it will be in order to settle the question as to whether we can allow the English language to be murdered any longer with the word "biker."—Chicago Times-Herald.

FOREIGN NOBLEMAN: "I wish to see some of your public men."
American Boy: "You couldn't find 'em to-day. It's Sunday, and all the saloons is closed."—Transcript, Boston.

Croquet.

One afternoon, when rounding the other end of Marlinton, my attention was attracted by a disposition in several places to revive the game of croquet. We, in our ignorance, had imagined that this game had nearly been stamped out in this country. And when one remembers the violence with which it raged some fifteen years ago, it makes one apprehensive lest it should again become epidemic.

Croquet is a very good game, and, when handled carefully, perfectly harmless, but there is a malignant form of croquet that is exceptionally dangerous, made so by the irritating and exasperating nature of the game itself and the unexcelled facilities offered by the ever-present mallet for assault and battery. This malignant type of croquet often makes its appearance immediately after you have attempted to make a particularly fine play, when owing to the inequality of the earth's surface, or a wild stroke, the ball goes miles from the mark, finally shooting half way up a hill, then rolling gaily along a fence, and stopping its mad career only in the worst possible position—a frequent happening in one game. This calls forth an assorted variety of remarks from the rest of the players. You reply according to your lights of the game, the usual dispute follows and rages with great violence, and there is a mad time generally.

The only way to make an exhilarating game of croquet is against the wishes of the players, and this is very undesirable—any way but that. Nearly every body plays croquet, but it is a well-established fact that the game counts its greatest lot of victims among our young women. It is apt to assume a dangerous character between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five, in the unformed period of a girl's life. Few young ladies between these ages escape its ravages.

I never knew but one girl that held original ideas on this subject, and her strange abhorrence of the game was a cause for wonder among her mates at school, "one of whom I was which." (This quotation I picked up at the Institute last week.) It pleased this girl not to give her reasons for shunning croquet, the often called upon to do so, until one rainy day a party of girls, "one of whom I was which," set upon this girl and pinning her to the floor, desired her reasons right rapidly for disliking our gentle croquet. Not long she hesitated under the alternative of lingering tortures which we offered her, but she lay quietly and told it, and then one, at least, of those girls wished she hadn't.

It seems that once she had a little brother, considerably younger than herself, whose name was Johnny. Both she and her brother were fond of croquet, but Johnny's fondness amounted to a fierce passion. He would play long hours by himself, and he would almost burst with gratitude when anybody would play with him.

Johnny soon became a nuisance to his sister and her friends who played, for he insisted on playing if a game was on, and he could not be beaten. Johnny became tiresome, after beating steadily all one afternoon, and they tried to coax him out, they tried to bribe him, to lead him, to drive him, his sister got mad and said things she ought not to have said, and Johnny stood smiling sweetly. He begged for just one more game, and he wouldn't bother them any more. They consented, all but his sister, and she said some more things and would not play. That

the last game Johnny played in this world, and he was beaten. A week from that day of his fever. Over and over for a week he raved of his defeat. Balls went to strike, in his fevered imagination would explode and shatter him to pieces, wickets would be hurled and writhe all over the ground, and the posts lay miles from him. It was heart-breaking to see or hear what to him was a desperate struggle to get through wickets and hit the post.

The case was beyond the good doctor's skill. He did not know the points of the game, but he saw that Johnny would die when hit that post, and not before. The last day came. The game was on. Johnny was dying. With a moment's consciousness he came. Looking up at the faces above him, he said, with a shadowy smile, "Did you all see me get tired? I am, but I can hit the post; watch me now!" The doctor said, "Well played, Johnny!" and he smiled these words brought was his face when they buried him. Our girl friend told us this story, and we saw some great sorrow could not know was in it for

Some of us who had little others on whom the game might be itself, wanted to pass sun-resolutions binding ourselves to prevent croquet getting a hold on our homes, and to abandon the game altogether, but we thought of it and decided to let it take its course.

It is idle to attempt to talk down croquet. More vigorous measures are required to crush that game with the hold it has on the people of this earth. But don't let it come between you and me, is all I ask. S. A. P.

FOR THE POCAHONTAS TIMES.

"Aunt Mary."

Said a witty gentleman one day, "When conversation flags, you can always give it a fresh impulse by saying, casually, 'And how is your Aunt Mary?'"

Nine persons out of ten have an Aunt Mary. The person addressed will probably reply, "Aunt Mary was well when I last heard from her, thank you," and will proceed to give the latest news from the lady, which will afford a chance to lead up to other subjects. Or, he will say, "Why, I didn't know you had met my Aunt Mary," or else, "Poor Aunt Mary is very ill indeed," or, "Aunt Mary has come into a fortune," or "Aunt Mary died last year," or, "This being very perplexing, 'Which Aunt Mary do you mean? I have three you know.'"

The beautiful name Mary, dear to all christian hearts, as that of the mother of our Lord, has fastened itself upon the race. In every country one finds Mary, in some form or other. Mary, mother, sister, wife, sweet-heart, cousin, aunt, friend, always simple, sweet, pleasant, a good name for life's wear and tear, warranted not to fade, or grow old-fashioned, or out of date. Blessings on our Marys. Was it not a Mary who chose the good part, which Jesus Himself said should not be taken away from her, and a Mary who washed his feet with her tears, a Mary who broke above him the alabaster box of precious ointment; did not Marys wait upon him,

"Last at the cross
And earliest at the tomb."
Did not a Mary meet Him in the garden, saying "Rabboni!"

For the witty hint about "Aunt Mary," I am personally indebted to a charming woman who related the story one summer Saturday at Babylon, Long Island, a group of friends listening with pleasure to her bright talk and amiable jests. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Bridger Boys.

The writer owes his information to the retentive memory possessed by Captain James M. McNeil, near Buckeye, for much of the matter in this item of local history. Were Captain McNeil to write out what he has heard, it would be very useful and become more and more interesting as the years go by.

The year 1921 will be the centennial of Pocahontas County, and the speakers upon that occasion will be more than thankful for just such information as makes up his recollections.

John and James Bridger were in the party that came to the relief of the Drennan family on the Greenbrier River, nearly a mile above the mouth of Stony Creek. Henry Baker, a school teacher, was killed while he and Richard Hill were going to the river to wash and prepare for breakfast. Nathan, a colored man belonging to Lawrence Drennan, notified the settlers in the Levels. A party came on and brought the family away, and on their return the Moore and the Wooddell families joined them. The Bridger brothers and Nathan left the main party and took across to the night way through the notch, while the rest passed around by the Wooddell's.

Indians were concealed at a place where a clump of lynn saplings were growing out of the decaying stump of a tree that had been cut down for sugar troughs. Two shots were fired in quick succession. John was mortally wounded. The other, being untouched, ran on through the "notch," closely pursued by an Indian. Just at the foot of the mountain was a straight path through which the young man was running as the Indian paused and shot him in the back. The mark of the Indian's heel was seen where he halted to deliver the fatal discharge.

Nathan had stopped to fasten his moccasins, and was thus out of reach. He scolded the Indians for hurting the boys, and escaped unhurt. The rest of the company were at the Wooddell place when they heard the shooting.

Mrs Phebe McNeel, a daughter of Moses Moore, the pioneer, then a little girl twelve years old, was in this party on their way to the fort. She rode a pack-horse loaded with bed-clothing, provisions, and cooking utensils. Shortly after the shooting, loud whoops were heard near the "notch." These seemed answered by whoops on the Gillilan Mountain, and then were whoopings heard near the head of Stamping Creek, as if the savage bands were signalling that the settlers were on the move and danger was threatening, for soon all became silent and nothing more was seen or heard of them in the vicinity. By the time the refugees reached the fort, on the hill now occupied by Mr Isaac McNeel's residence, all danger was over.

Arrangements were quickly made to bring in the slain. John Cochran had brought a half-sled to the fort and an old, gentle horse. The sled was taken to where Jim Bridger lay weltering in his blood, and remained there until John was carried down from the Notch, and thus they were borne to the fort, and a grave prepared for them on the knoll overlooking Mill Point.

Old Mother Jordan, as she is most commonly spoken of, who lived when a young person where Mr Mathew John McNeel now lives, remembered how Jim Bridger was fixing himself up like he was going to a wedding while the men were getting ready to go to the relief of the Drennans. He wanted to borrow her silver shoe-buckles, and she objected: "Jim

Bridger, you had better not take my shoe-buckles, for the Indians might get you, and I will never see my buckles any more!"

Aunt Phebe McNeel and Mrs Sally McCollum, daughter of Larry Drennan, remembered with emotion long as they lived how the heart-broken father of the Bridger Boys put his arms around the necks of his slain sons as they were put into the one grave. His sleeves were all bloody, and when the men gently forced him away from his dead and he lay upon the ground, resting his head on one arm and wiping the tears with the bloody sleeve of the other, it looked so pitiful!

This should always be remembered as a consecrated spot, being made sacred by perhaps the first tears ever wept by a broken-hearted father over slain sons within the borders of Pocahontas.

W. T. F.

In order to show what a wonderful person her late father was, Winnie Davis, the gifted daughter of the Confederacy, says that all his children had implicit faith in everything he did. Winnie herself remembers crying to be taken to him during an earthquake and feeling perfectly secure in his arms. The great force of this argument will be recognized at once by every philosopher. The author of the new song, "My Dad's the Engineer," utilized this sentiment and presented it with great power in one stanza and the chorus of his able production, viz:

We were none of us thinking of danger,

As the train sped on in the night,
Till the flames of the burning forest

Made the passengers wild with fright,

Then a tiny maid near a window,
With a smile, said:

"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall

you,
My dad's the engineer."

"Daddy's on the engine; don't be afraid;

Daddy knows what he is doing,"
said the little maid.

"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;

Every one is safe, because my dad's the engineer."

Not only the motif but also the style suggests that it was Miss Davis who wrote this beautiful lyric.

A CERTAIN M. Mantois has in view a decidedly difficult but interesting undertaking for the Paris Exposition of 1900.

His proposition is to construct a telescope nearly 200 feet long, with an objective glass more than 4-1/3 feet in diameter. By means of this enormous lens he hopes to bring the moon, to all intents and purposes, within six miles of the gay French capital, and to be able to throw the image of the moon, as it would look at that distance, upon a screen, night after night, in a hall holding half a thousand spectators.

A COUNTRY preacher recently warned his flock that neither gold nor silver could be depended on as a safe basis of final redemption.—Plain Dealer, Cleveland.

LOVERS who affect the bicycle should stick to each other through wheel and whoa.—Transcript, Boston.

It is claimed that when a man gets up a reform convention in Topeka, he receives a commission of \$2 from the druggists for every hundred delegates he brings to town.—Globe, Atchison.

THERE is no longer any blue Monday in New York. It is blue Sunday and crimson Monday now.—Globe, Boston.

THE motto, "In God we trust," was not put on American coins until 1864. Before that we trusted in the inherent value of the metal.—Commercial Advertiser, New York.

It seems queer that all the new women are over forty.—Post, San Francisco.

SUNDAY in New York is not so much a day of rest as a day of arrest.—Boston Herald.